UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Finding a Faith to Live By - *E. Burdette Backus*

Sweetness and Light - - *Alfred Stiernotte*

The Rifts Within Democracy - - - - - - - - - - *Stanton A. Coblentz*

Professor Beard's Strange Omissions - - - - - - - - - *Victor S. Yarros*

THE STUDY TABLE

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The Field

India's Declaration of Independence

We believe that it is the inalienable right of the Indian people as of any other people to have freedom and to enjoy the fruits of their toil and have the necessities of life so that they may have full opportunities of growth. We believe also that if any Government deprives a people of these rights and oppresses them the people have a further right to alter it or to abolish it. The British Government in India has not only deprived the Indian people of their freedom but has ruined India economically, politically, culturally, and spiritually. We believe therefore that India must sever the British connection and obtain Purna Swaraj or Complete Independence. We recognize that the most effective way of gaining our freedom is not through violence. India has gained strength and self-reliance and marched a long way to Swaraj following peaceful and legitimate methods, and it is by adhering to these methods that our country will attain independence.

We pledge ourselves anew to Independence of India and solemnly resolve to carry on non-violently the struggle for freedom till Purna Swaraj is attained.

We believe that non-violent action in general and preparation for non-violent direct action in particular require successful working of the constructive program of khadi (weaving), communal harmony and removal of untouchability. We shall seek every opportunity of spreading good will among fellow men without distinction of caste or creed. We shall endeavor to raise from ignorance and poverty those who have been neglected and to advance in every way those who are considered to be backward or suppressed. We know that though we are out to destroy the imperialistic system, we have no quarrel with Englishmen, whether officials or non-officials. We know that the distinction between caste Hindus and Harijans (Untouchables) must be abolished, and Hindus have to forget these distinctions in their daily conduct. Such distinctions are a bar to non-violent conduct. Though our religious faiths may be different, in our mutual relations we will act as children of Mother India, bound by common nationality and common political and economic interest.

Charka (spinning wheel) and khadi (hand-woven homespun cloth) are integral parts of our constructive program for the resuscitation of the 700,000 villages of India and for the removal of the grinding poverty of the masses. We shall, therefore, spin regularly and use for our personal requirements nothing but khadi and as far as possible products of the village handicrafts only, and endeavor to make others do likewise. We pledge ourselves to the disciplined observance of Congress principles and policies and to keep in readiness to respond to the call of the Congress whenever it may come for carrying on her struggle for the Independence of India.

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXX MARCH, 1944 No. 1

Editorial Comments

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

I

We are back in the orgy of atrocity tales. It has seemed as though in this war, unlike the last war, we were going to escape this horror. But the tales are beginning to pour in. From one point of view this must be regarded as inevitable, for atrocities in war are themselves inevitable. War is the great atrocity, and therefore produces atrocities. What is shocking is the deliberate exploitation of this lewd material for ends of propaganda against the enemy. The resulting tide of hate and venom thus released is terrible to contemplate. I know of no way of meeting this hideous flood except by disseminating material of a different sort. Stories of a generous and compassionate enemy as contrasted with a brutish one! Here is one carried by the International News Service—the first-hand experience of one of its correspondents, Lowell Bennett. It seems that Mr. Bennett was assigned as an observer in a bombing plane sent to bomb Berlin. His bomber was shot down. Bennett, parachuting to the ground, was cast into the icy water of a pond, and became entangled in the mud and reeds. Failing to extricate himself, he was about to give himself up for lost, when he suddenly saw two men making their way to him in a row-boat. The story follows:

> They dragged me into the boat. I fell flat on my face. My legs and arms were numb and useless. Ashore, they carried me to a cottage, rubbed my legs and arms back to life, and gave me coffee, bread and cigarettes . . .
>
> A woman neighbor who spoke some English came to see me. She brought a blanket and while she knitted the sock I had torn when I was getting on the plane, she told me about her home in Berlin. Her husband was on the Russian front. She had been evacuated with her child. She knitted my sock and wrapped me in a blanket.
>
> One of the two men who saved me was a German army corporal on leave, the other a lumber merchant. Both appeared friendly and curious.
>
> I had expected to be lynched because I figured I would represent to them the means by which their city was being destroyed. But their friendliness was amazing. They fed me and stoked up the fire. They dried my clothes and we talked of the war. The woman said one thing of the raids: "We will never capitulate."
>
> Later, two sergeants came from a nearby searchlight battery and took me to their hut. I slept in one of their beds while they tried to dry my clothes some more . . .
>
> In complete fairness, I must say that since my unexpected and surely unwelcome arrival in Germany until the time I escaped, I was treated in a courteous manner I wouldn't have believed possible.

To this story we like to append the report of the International Red Cross that German prison camps are meeting the full requirements of the Geneva Convention. The same thing is true of prison camps in Japan, Hong Kong, and Shanghai. The Red Cross has had no access to the Philippines, but wherever they have gone, their representatives report good conditions. Camps were "clean, tidy, and free from vermin." Prisoners received "weekly hot baths, 3,000 calories of food a day, medical attention, and recreational facilities." All this is encouraging, and must bring comfort to frozen hearts.

II

I cannot understand all this financial discussion which is going the rounds these days. There seems to be a contradiction involved which only grows the more perplexing the more that I consider it. Thus, we are being told in Washington, and have been told for years, that we need not worry about this mountainous national debt that is piling up. This debt is not like an ordinary private or commercial debt which may threaten bankruptcy. For this money we owe to ourselves. Paying the debt is like putting money from our right-hand into our left-hand pocket, and not paying it is like keeping it where it is. The points seems to be that the debt and its interest keeps the money flowing prosperously through the nation. In any case, we shall develop in the future an enormous productive capacity, and can pay off the debt with ease. On the other hand, we are being told, by the same administrative sources in Washington, that this war must not be allowed to pile up an inordinate debt. We must pay-as-we-go a substantially larger share of the cost of the war. To evade this obligation is to pass on to our children a burden of debt which they may not be able to carry. So taxes must be immediately and enormously increased. President Roosevelt asked for an increased tax levy of $16,000,000,000, and Secretary Morganthau of $10,000,000,000, and they are bitterly disappointed that Congress has adopted a levy of only $2,300,000,000. But why such a tax, if a huge debt is

a good thing, or at least is nothing to be alarmed about? I cannot for the life of me see how the government can have this thing both ways. Either this mounting debt is something to worry over, or not something to worry over. If the situation is good, and is going to remain good no matter how large the debt, then why try to pay it off, or absorb a larger share of its increase? Why not just let it climb, and enjoy all the advantages inherent in that process? But if the situation is not good, and for this reason we must assume a burden of taxation which will lower our proud standard of living, then why all this talk, à la Stuart Chase, that there is money everywhere, and that the future can take care of itself? My own pet idea is that nobody knows any too much about this problem, and that there is a whole lot of lusty whistling going on as we make our dubious way through the graveyard.

III

The war bond drive, recently completed, was a gallant effort on the part of millions of patriotic citizens to support the nation in this hour of crisis. There were features of the drive, however, which were deplorable—none more so than the deliberate endeavor of business to use the drive to its own advantage. Let me show specifically what I mean! On a certain day, in New York, a furniture company advertised in the morning newspapers, as follows:

> X and Y
> have a dandy rugged yet graceful 5-foot walnut desk for $75, but it can't compare in value with a $100 War Bond. We also have a magnificent Chippendale 6-foot desk for $375, but a $500 War Bond is a whole lot better buy.
> Buy War Bonds Now. We Can Wait.

This ad, with suitable illustrations, address, telephone number, etc., occupied a considerable space. Shrewd calculating, clever business, no doubt about that! But it was hypocritical and indecent in the sense that it made a fine show of patriotism while, as a matter of fact, using the nation's extremity to sell its own goods. I make my guess that, with street address and telephone numbers so carefully given, those two desks, and others like them, were sold that very day. At any rate, I cannot imagine cash customers turned away with admonitions to put their money into bonds! If this were an isolated instance of war bond advertising by commercial companies, it might be laughed at and forgotten. But it is not! On the contrary, it is typical of the scandalous way in which business has used this war, with money which would otherwise go to the government in income taxes, to advertise their products. Putting on the proud garb of patriotism and national interests, innumerable firms have scattered vast full-page ads through newspapers and magazines with the basic idea of piling up private profits. Get on the band wagon, is the cry! In this case the band wagon is the war—and they all pile on, not to propel the wagon, but to take a ride. It is disgusting—and never more disgusting than in the above ad tempting buyers with expensive goods under the guise of selling war bonds. But it is all part of what comes when a nation goes to war. At bottom, it is only what is to be expected. Some day we shall find this out, and get rid of war for sheer decency's sake.

IV

In the trials and tragedies of this hour, there is nothing so utterly comforting as a piece of news that seems good all 'round. A bit of civilization amid a welter of barbarism! Such a piece of news came the other day from Coventry, England, about the rebuilding of the cathedral in that place. The plan is a thing to lift the heart. The new edifice will consist of two parts—the cathedral proper, which will remain under the jurisdiction of the Church of England, and a Christian Center of Service, which will be under the control of the whole community of people in Coventry, and in direct partnership with the various denominations, or free churches. The Center will be connected, architecturally, with the cathedral by a special chapel of United Churches which will belong to both Anglicans and members of the Protestant denominations. The cathedral itself will be built around a central altar, which can be approached by the congregation from all sides. What we have here, in this superb conception, is in essence a community church for Coventry. It was at his enthronement in March of last year that Dr. N. V. Gordon, Bishop of Coventry, declared that the new cathedral, which was to soar out of the blasted ruins of the old, "must meet the needs of the whole community."

> Wave after wave of immigration over twenty years [he continued] has almost overwhelmed the community sense of Coventry. The war has brought in a flood of strangers from the entire British Isles. The problem of transition back to peace will be overwhelming for this unformed community unless we can set up some center of leadership. It is the church's great chance.

"Great chance," indeed—especially when we learn that 80 per cent of Coventry's present population is without membership in church or chapel! Fortunately, in this case "leadership" was not lacking. Statesmanship of a high order, coupled with a truly Christian spirit, got to work. And the result will in due course be a monument to human enlightenment and progress. And all this the result of, or at least made possible by, one of the cruelist blitzes in the war! Of those murdered citizens of Coventry, buried in a common grave after the falling of the German bombs, it may be said that they did not die in vain.

V

A remarkable report on the Roman Catholic Church and war and post-war problems has recently been

issued by the Foreign Policy Association of New York, which puts to shame the chatter of all too many persons these days that Rome is the ally of Fascism. This report is based not upon prejudice but upon the record, and tells a story which should be known to and heeded by anti-Catholics. There are unfortunate items in this record, of course—most of them occasioned by the Church's fear of the communist atheism of Russia. But the present Pope, says this report, "seems to have learned . . . that German Fascism is the more serious enemy of the Church." Sherman S. Hayden, the author of the report, finds it significant that Pius XII refrained from bestowing any blessing on the German attack on Russia, which the Nazis took pains to describe as "an anti-Bolshevik crusade." He also lays emphasis upon Vatican peace aims, enunciated regularly and consistently since 1939, which have insisted on the moral law, the responsibility of the strong, the sharing of economic resources, the rigorous observation of treaty agreements, and eventual disarmament. This program, says Mr. Hayden, "can be reconciled only with the victory of the United Nations." It would have been well, in addition, if this report had been more explicit in its recognition of the present Pope's persistent efforts to bring the war to a close. In his annual Christmas message, and on other occasions, the Holy Father has used his utmost efforts to persuade the belligerents to negotiate a speedy peace. It has not been his fault that such appeals have not been heeded. In summation, this report of the Foreign Policy Association declares that both Pius XII and his predecessor, Pius XI, "have shown themselves worthy of their trust," with "no foundation in fact" for any view that the Vatican wishes for a triumph of dictatorship. "It is unreasonable," says the report, "to expect a priest without weapons to impose order on a wilful world. The Pope can only seek by reason to bring men to reason, and that he continues to do this even as a prisoner of the Germans is rather to his credit than otherwise." This last statement strikes me as putting it mildly, to say the least. The position of the Pope today is nothing less than heroic. Witness his action, in the face of the Nazi occupation of Rome, of offering the Vatican as a sanctuary to anti-fascist refugees. When Hitler demanded the surrender of certain of these refugees, the Pope refused, thereby vindicating the authority of the Church as in its greatest days of ecclesiastical and spiritual power. The Catholic Church is a world, and contains within itself all the elements of humanity. It has its bigots and reactionaries, but it has also its liberals and progressives. There have been bad popes as there have been bad American presidents, but the present Pope is one of the great statesmen of this age, and his policy the most consistent and courageous policy of peace that we now have. In every particular, anti-Catholicism is a disgrace today.

VI

Statistics on church membership in this country are of extraordinary interest, but are far from encouraging to enlightened and progressive minds. The tendency, as a series of articles in the *Christian Century* has shown, is all in the direction of cults and schisms, health and wealth groups of the New Thought type, spiritualist circles, Hindu swamis, and very particularly the pre-Millenialite churches. All religions proclaiming the end of the world, and the Day of the Lord are enjoying enormous growth for reasons that are more or less obvious. Meanwhile, the liberal and more highly intellectualized groups are declining at an alarming rate, or at the best just holding their own. Here are some figures, for example, as furnished by the Information Service of the Federal Council of Churches covering the period of the last fifteen years. The leading increases in membership have been in such bodies as the Assemblies of God (364%), the Church of God (254%), the Church of the Nazarene (183%), Free Will Baptists (347%), and the Salvation Army (194%). Uniformly large increases are noted for similar if less familiar groups. On the other hand, look at the statistics for the Friends, 23 per cent decrease, Ethical Culturists, 21 per cent decrease, Unitarians, 2.4 per cent increase, and Independent churches (of Community and like varieties), 3 per cent decrease! Ignorance, superstition, primitive emotionalism, and theological fantasy multiplying by leaps and bounds, and churches which move upon the high plane of reason just plain petering out! Another phase of this same problem is church attendance as contrasted with church membership. How many of the high-brow religionists go to church on an average Sunday? A small and steadily dwindling percentage, I have no doubt. The congregations in many of our so-called liberal churches are pitiful. But the fundamentalist and Millenialite churches, the Holy Roller and I Am and Assemblies of God gatherings are uniformly crowded. And I insist that attendance even more than membership is the test of *vitality*. Something is wrong somewhere. A great religion of "plain living and high thinking," should not be impossible here in free America. Cannot people be religious and at the same time intelligent? The separation of religion and education may well have something to do with it. And the whole business of economic status and the division of people into classes is primary. Too many of our cultured churches are exclusively middle-class, or just downright aristocratic and snobbish. True brotherhood and genuine democracy might do a lot for churches dying at the top.

Jottings

Daily prayers are offered by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek that China will not hate Japan, and that when the war is over the two countries may work together.—Rev. Daniel A. Poling, in *Associated Press* dispatch.

Respectfully referred to our own country!

Ministers are beginning to defend and even praise the mass bombing of German cities. But Cosmo Lang, former Archbishop of Canterbury, supported by his ecclesiastical brethren in the House of Lords, has denounced this bombing. Why do we have to be so much more savage than the English?

A Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company recently played an engagement in New York, and opened with "The Mikado." This is to the credit of the company, the New York public, and the general sanity of the country. But what if the Metropolitan put on "Mme. Butterfly"? That might show that there are limits in such a time as this.

It comes pretty near to the unpardonable sin for youngish, and even oldish, men to sit at home in comfort and security, and preach hate against an enemy whom our soldier boys are fighting, in the imminent peril of death, without hate. How do these savage stay-at-homes get that way, and what can civilized society do with them?

A Japanese theological student was recently ordained to the Christian ministry in a public ceremony in New York without interference or alarm. Here was Christianity, and common sense, triumphant over the war fever of the hour.

The service of the chaplains in this war seems to be of incomparable courage and dedication. Yet are their rewards meagre. Recent figures of attendance at religious services in the camps show an average of 66! This is hardly the "religious revival" we hear talked about.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Finding a Faith to Live By

E. BURDETTE BACKUS

One of the most astounding aspects of human life is the vast panorama of the faiths by which men live. Beginning with the naked savage who goes through the rites in which his medicine man has instructed him, proceeding to the Roman Catholic who believes implicitly in the doctrines of his church, the Buddhist who tries to guide his life in the "eight-fold path" pioneered by his Master, and concluding with an Albert Einstein avowing his belief in the transcendent rationality of the universe, we are met at every level of culture with the attitude of faith.

It is not religion alone that confronts us with faith; the secular world as well is filled with it. There is the faith of a man in his doctor, the faith of the scientist in the validity of the methods by which he seeks to arrive at the truth, the faith of the little child in his mother, the faith of the ardent Communist in the validity of his economic and political theories. Verily, wherever we look we see that faith is indeed one of the things by which men live.

There is a famous description of the role of faith in human life in *The Varieties of Religious Experience,* by William James. Quoting Tolstoy's statement that men live by faith, he goes on to say that this is literally true, that faith is almost a biological function of the human being and that the absence of it means collapse. Faith is the great releaser of energy; Jesus spoke in hyperbole when he said that if you have faith as a grain of mustard seed you can remove mountains, yet he was expressing an essential truth. Faith is "like a tonic, it freshens our vital powers, imparts a zest, a meaning, an enchantment and glory to the common objects of life."

When we have become aware of the importance of faith in the life of the world, when our eyes are opened to behold what it is doing for our neighbors, there awakens in us a sympathetic understanding of it and we rejoice in the blessings which it confers upon men. But this appreciation need in nowise cause us to put aside our critical faculty. We are aware that the great power of faith often attaches itself to unworthy objects, that it leads men astray with disastrous consequences. We know also that it is ofttimes narrow and prejudiced so that it fosters in him who holds it an intolerance which makes him exclude from his fellowship all who do not share his particular creed. Like any other human power it needs to be disciplined, brought into conformity, as far as possible, with the truth, and held in a spirit of hospitality towards faiths of a different order. Yet we must not lose sight of the fact that even when it is blind, mistaken, exclusive, it can become a great creative power establishing rich values of the human spirit.

My purpose is not to tilt against the windmills of the world's mistaken faiths, not to seek to set all men right according to my own standards; rather it is, recognizing the tremendous power of faith, to inquire how we can avail ourselves of it in our own lives. We are frequently told that it is difficult for men to have faith today, that the ages of faith lie in the past and that the progress of knowledge has made impossible the simple, satisfying belief of our forefathers. Particularly we are told that the chaos and tragedy of a world at war makes faith

impossible unless we are ready to forego our reason and take refuge in a compensatory realm of illusions.

This is a mistake. The wells of faith are flowing as strong as ever in human life. The progress of knowledge and the calamity of war do not suffice to clog them. The reason why men conclude that faith is dying is that its streams are deserting old channels and seeking new ones. If we look only at the old, accepted forms we may conclude that faith is vanishing, but if we have eyes to behold the new ways in which it is expressing itself we shall recognize that it is just as potent today, just as rewarding as it ever has been in the past. Since faith is "almost a biological function of the human being" we may be very sure that it will find ways to implement itself and continue its service to life.

In order that we may make this prediction as specific as possible I ask your indulgence while I set forth my own faith. I regard myself as a man of faith. Many times I have been told that I have no religion. Sometimes even members of my own congregations have said to me, "Mr. Backus, don't you have any faith? Don't you believe in anything?" Always I have known that what they meant was faith in the particular objects of their own belief. It is true that my mind rejects a large portion of what in the past has been known as religion. But this is beside the point, for faith is much more comprehensive than men and women of little faith are able to recognize. I reiterate my statement that I am a man of faith.

When I inquire into the matter I am sometimes not at all sure whether the faith comes first and the objects of faith second, or whether it is the other way around and I have faith because certain things seem to me true. I suppose the first is the case, and that my faith is an expression of that vital life which flows in my veins and then it builds a supporting structure out of the materials it finds available in the world in which I live. It is deeper than reason but it uses reason to reinforce itself. Be that as it may—this is my faith.

It begins right at home; the first article is, I believe in myself! I have faith in the significance and value of my own life, in its powers and potentialities. I do not mean this in any sense of setting myself up as a sort of god who is guilty of self-worship. No! It is not an unqualified faith; I am deeply aware of my limitations, my weaknesses; they are many. But at the same time I have discovered that the powers life has conferred on me are adequate to deal with the world in which I live, not merely to maintain my existence but to make out of it something of consequence, to bring me riches beyond compare.

This faith deepens as the years speed by. Particularly in the last few years I have found myself stopping every once in a while to take a deep breath and savor the tang of life, to exclaim, "What a grand world this is! What a joyous, wonderful thing life is! How splendid its actualities, how marvelous its possibilities!" Not all the poison of a world at war, not all the horror of the evil aspects of life which I know full well, can triumph over that feeling; they cannot banish that inner sunshine, cannot dissipate that inner fresh mountain air. It is something securely established in me, and it is glorious! I have faith in myself.

As a natural corollary it follows that I have faith in my fellow men. They are like me, the same life pulses in them; I must believe in them also. Let us consider one of the qualities of men which helps to maintain this faith. My choice falls on intelligence. I know that it is the fashion today to decry the intelligence and to insist on the primacy of the feelings. No one in his right mind will deny the aberrations of the human reason; no one who desires life to be full-bodied and vital will deny that the feelings are primary and that it is they which give richness and power to life. Nonetheless, the great hope of men lies in the fact that they are endowed with intelligence by virtue of which it is possible for them to discipline and harness the powers of the emotions and make them serve the creative ends of life, whereas without such guidance they are all too apt to run amuck and destroy the very things that held the promise of greatest value.

Permit me on this point to quote a man who above all other moderns has done most to make us aware of the way in which our emotions take our reason captive and constrain it to find good arguments why we should do the thing we intend to do because of the dictates of our desires—"rationalizing," we call it. Sigmund Freud, in *The Future of An Illusion,* says:

> The voice of the intellect is a soft one, but it does not rest until it has gained a hearing. Ultimately, after endlessly repeated rebuffs, it succeeds. This is one of the few points in which one may be optimistic about the future of mankind, but in itself it signifies not a little. And one can make it a starting point for yet other hopes. The primacy of the intellect lies in the far, far, but still probably not infinite, distance.

These are very cautious words, but when one considers their source they become highly significant. Their tribute to the intelligence strikes a responsive chord in my mind. The intelligence is our problem-solving faculty. It may be very feeble but it is also very persistent. I believe in men because I see in them at least the glimmerings of intelligence, and because I cherish the hope that in the course of time the intelligence can win that degree of direction in human affairs which shall enable us to escape from many of the vicious circles in which we are now caught, and guide us to higher levels of life on which we shall attain a greater degree of fulfillment for the finest potentialities within us. "Man is not yet fairly man."

As a further expression of my faith in man let me say that I believe in what Vice-President Wallace has called "the century of the common man." That is to say, despite the war—perhaps because of it—I feel great things in the air. I feel that the spirit of man is trying to take the next great step towards a more satisfactory life for the world. I see many indications that the spirit of democracy, the love of freedom, the sense of the importance of the individual life, are more widespread in the world than we had recognized to be the case. I see that the war is part of this struggle to free such aspirations and to organize them, politically, economically, socially, to the vast benefit of the billions of earth's children.

I harbor no illusion that "the century of the common man" is going to be Utopia. Far from it; our problems will still be with us; there will continue to be a great deal of frustration and defeat. But we will do a little bit toward making more of justice accessible to the vast multitudes of earth, a little bit to bring within the grasp of each individual a larger opportunity to be his own best self. We shall come somewhat nearer in practice to the ideal that has long inspired our more thoughtful and humane men—the ideal of mutual help among all mortal beings in using the common resources of the planet for the benefit of all. I believe in "the century of the common man."

I should like to utter my protest, at this point, against interpreting that century as nothing more than sheer

materialism. Our Western civilization has been criticized again and again as being basically materialistic; it is said that all we are concerned with is to minister to the appetites of the body, to have more comfortable homes, faster automobiles, to multiply the luxuries of our technological civilization all unmindful of the hungers of the soul. This is to misunderstand the inwardness of our achievement. It is true that the basic reason we develop our machines and gadgets is that they minister to our material well-being. But we miss the whole point if we do not recognize that this very material civilization is a creation of the spirit of man.

There is a grand passage in the writings of the Hindu poet and philosopher, Rabindranath Tagore, which provides unexpected confirmation of this interpretation. With his background, his temperament and achievement, he can scarcely be suspected of materialism. Yet, speaking to his fellowmen of the Orient, he warns them that they make a great mistake to see in Western civilization nothing but a materialism opposed to their own spirituality. He says that an airplane is a magnificent symbol of the essential spirituality which lies at the heart of the Western man. Its practical significance is obvious, but beyond and above this the airplane represents the mastery of man over the elements of the world around him. It is the product of his intelligence, ingenuity, skill, and will to triumph, imposing themselves on metal, fabric, and fuel to conquer the air for his purposes. Nor can the terrible fact that the chief use to which the airplane is today being put is one of destruction nullify this significance. For all its misuse it continues to flash across our skies a flaming symbol of the dauntless spirit of man who has created it.

The same is true of the other creations of the spirit of man. Scientific invention, artistic creation, statesmanship, economic techniques by means of which more of the people of earth have access to this world's goods—all of these are not simply ends in themselves. They are means by which man fulfills himself; they are means by which the stature of manhood is increased. We grow larger in soul because we have found new ways of ministering to the comfort and security of men, because we have achieved more of justice, good will, and mutuality. We experience a larger measure of satisfaction because the creative power within us has manifested itself in these ways, because the artist in us has more nearly fulfilled himself.

There is a phrase current today which hammers home the truth that everyday achievement may have an intensely spiritual quality. It says: "Only he who sees the invisible can do the impossible." Apply this to a man like Mr. Kaiser with his unorthodox way of building ships, his dream of vast armadas of air-freighters. He has seen things which other men have told him are impossible; then harnessing his vision to his technical knowledge he has gone ahead to do the impossible. It was Napoleon who said: "There are in this world two powers—the sword and the spirit. The spirit has always vanquished the sword." All hail to the spirit of man!

In the Epistle of James it is stated: "As the body apart from the spirit is dead, even so faith apart from works is dead." The whole passage in which this occurs is a fine exposition of the futility of dreams that do not get over into action. I have not been unmindful of this in avowing my own faith in humanity and "the century of the common man." Such faith is of little value save as it issues in actions designed to bring about the better conditions of which it dreams. It is quite possible for one to be guilty of finding in dreams of a better social order compensations for the frustrations of the present. Unless we implement our faith with action we have not risen above the level of him who finds his compensations in the hope of a heaven beyond the sky. He who dares to believe in "the century of the common man" must be prepared to take his part in establishing it.

But, though faith in myself and my fellow man, faith in the values of human life, is the central article of my creed and the most important part of my religion, it is not the whole of it. We cannot be satisfied to center our attention on man alone, for while his nature and destiny are the matters of supreme importance to us, he is after all a very small part of the world we know. We cannot be content unless we take in the whole of the setting in which man finds himself. Accordingly I discover that my faith has cosmic proportions; it runs right down into the universe itself and is rooted in everything that is. Indeed, one of the reasons I have faith in man is because he is a child of this tremendously mysterious and wonderful universe, and its mystery and its power are in him!

We should probably agree that one of the finest minds our age has produced is that of Albert Einstein. It is given to few men to affect human thought as profoundly as he has done. Because of his unorthodox views he is not considered by most persons to be a religious man, yet we find that he thinks of himself as being essentially religious. He has set forth his experience in a little volume entitled *My View of the World*. There he calls his faith a "cosmic religious feeling" and describes it in this wise:

> The individual feels the nothingness of human desires and aims and the sublimity and marvelous order which reveal themselves both in Nature and in the world of thought. He looks upon individual existence as a sort of prison and wants to experience the universe as a single significant whole.

He adds that the religious geniuses of the ages, men like Buddha and Jesus, have been distinguished by this kind of religious feeling "which knows no dogma and no God conceived in man's image." Then he tells us that his "cosmic religious feeling" has been the motivation of his work as a scientist. His scientific research and theories have been an expression and outgrowth of his religious feeling. Indeed, he says that it is the chief function of both science and art to awaken and keep alive in men this feeling.

There is interesting confirmation of Einstein's views in the writings of another great modern. Gilbert Murray, the English classical scholar, has also written a little book in which he shares his faith with the reader. It is no less unorthodox than Einstein, and no less religious. He says, "To be cocksure is to be without religion," and adds that this is true whether your cocksureness is expressed in an orthodox creed which professes to offer an explanation of all things in heaven and earth or in the tenets of a rigid philosophy purportedly based on the most recent findings of science. "The essence of religion," he says, "is the consciousness of a vast unknown. Call it faith, call it doubt: they are two sides of the same medal." As you read you know that he and Einstein are kindred spirits—both alike poets, artists, keenly sensitive to the mystery and wonder of our world and responding to it by becoming warm and rich, sympathetic and understanding in their own inner life. They are fine persons because of their "cosmic religious feeling."

These men strike a responsive string in my mind. No less than they I find it impossible to express the cosmic aspects of my faith in the traditional form of belief in a personal deity. But equally with them I find myself under the necessity of according a big place in my religion to the sense of wonder born of the encompassing mystery of which I am a part, and the need of relating myself vitally, intimately to the whole. Doubtless their feeling is much richer in content than mine because of their greater gifts, yet I am confident that it is kindred to mine.

We do not have to be an Albert Einstein or a Gilbert Murray to have access to the kind of feelings they are describing. They are open to all of us simply on condition that we keep our eyes open, our intelligence ready to understand, our hearts ready to feel the experiences of every day which proclaim the sublime mystery of our world. As the poet tells us:

> All the dust's ablaze with miracles at our feet.

I heard the story of a child of tender years who was taken to see the Walt Disney picture, *Bambi*. The little one was almost inconsolable at the death of the mother deer. She did not see how poor Bambi could possibly get along without his mother. Can anyone look upon the miracle of the sensitiveness and profound sympathy of a little child's heart without being made poignantly aware of the mystery and majesty of the world that bears such fruit?

The wonders of the starlit dome of the sky which inspired the writer of the Eighth Psalm are thrust upon us all:

> When I consider thy heavens,
> The work of thy fingers,
> The moon and the stars,
> Which thou did'st ordain,
> What is man that thou
> Art mindful of him?

There is no life so hedged in by ignorance, so cramped by poverty, that it does not have access to some one of the innumerable miracles which are windows opening into the deeps of our universe. We may not see as much through our windows as does an Einstein or a Murray, but it will suffice for our needs. It will be an inspiration to us and make us feel the richness, the worth, the meaning of our life. It will make us feel adequate to all that is required of us, and reassure us with the feeling that even if we fail our weakness and error will somehow be caught up in the greatness of the whole and be rectified.

Despite the decay of ancient forms there is as much opportunity for the development of a full and satisfying faith today as ever there was. We can accept the full consequences of the intellectual revolution that has been worked by the centuries, we can espouse the social revolution that is under way today, and still have as vital a faith as ever animated the saints of old. If there seems to be less faith in the world today than formerly it is because men have not yet come to recognize the many new varieties in which it appears.

A part of the effectiveness of any faith depends on its familiarity to those in whose lives it finds place, so that it seems as natural to them as their breathing. That was the case when the church held full sway over the minds of men; it will again be the case, but with greater richness and freedom, when the new knowledge we have won becomes the property of all men, and when the institutions through which we seek to make that knowledge effective have become as familiar and beloved as the mother church in her best centuries. Again the simple mind will not have to grope for the meaning of life, will not have to grope for a faith to give it direction and meaning, but will find it as a part of the very atmosphere of human living. It will indeed be a faith to live by as those of us can attest in whom it has already become a vitalizing power.

May I bring together the two main items of the faith which I have avowed as my own—faith in man and faith in the universe which is his home. I have spoken of them as though they were separate. They are, of course, not two, but one, so closely united that it does violence to both of them to separate them. Our faith in man stems in part from the fact that he is a child of the universe, an epitome of its wonder and mystery and potentialities; but equally our faith in the universe is in no small part derived from the fact that we have a revelation in our own nature of the character of the universe. It is the kind of a tree that bears as its fruit,

> . . . Plato's brain,
> Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain.

More than this, there is a common agreement among those whose insight has been deepest that the faith which springs from the feeling which we have for the mystery of the cosmos reaches its noblest proportions and finds its finest expression when it flows forth in a life of service to human kind. "The first commandment is, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God'; the second is *like unto it,* 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' "

It is no accident that Einstein is numbered among the great servants of humanity, not only because of his scientific achievement but also because of his enlistment in great humanitarian causes, because of the quality of his life as a man. It is no mere chance that Gilbert Murray is one of the foremost champions of international cooperation. Such activities flow naturally and inevitably out of the whole character of their lives and are expressions of their religion. The energy of their faith is directed to the work of making explicit a larger measure of the divinity that is hidden in our common human clay. Such is the faith which I covet for each one of us. May it well up within us in irresistible might, assuring us that the true age of faith belongs not to the past but to the future!

Prayer for India

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
Where words come out from the depth of truth;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way in the dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by Thee into ever-widening thought and action—
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

Sweetness and Light

ALFRED STIERNOTTE

There is a good story told about Albert Einstein, the great German scientist and mathematician, and it is this. It appears that Einstein was walking with a friend near Princeton University, where he is now doing research work. Both Einstein and his friend were enjoying the coolness of the night, when all of a sudden Einstein stopped and exclaimed: "Oh, it's beautiful, it's wonderful!" Einstein's friend stopped also but saw nothing so very wonderful to bring forth this exclamation. But Einstein continued to say: "It's beautiful, it's wonderful!" And his friend kept asking: "What do you find so beautiful around here?" And Einstein replied, "I have just seen in my mind's eye the final equations explaining the structure of the universe; but it will take me fifteen years to work them out completely!"

This was the reason why Einstein felt so elated, so overjoyed. He was no cold intellectual, no cold mathematician working out dry equations about the theories of the nature of matter, or of light, or of gravitation. Einstein, as every true mathematician will acknowledge, was impressed by the beauty of the order of nature as revealed in his equations. He found in this order a source of mystical insight. Einstein, therefore, is no cold scientist. His appreciation of the good and abiding things of life extends to the realm of beauty, and the arts, and religion. For Einstein is a brilliant violinist as well as a religious thinker of importance. Einstein shows a many-sided development of his faculties, and thus is more than a scientist. He is a man of culture. He is a man of sweetness and light.

Sweetness and light! These are the words used by Matthew Arnold in his well-known lecture delivered to Oxford University in 1867. Matthew Arnold had been professor of poetry for ten years, and for his last lecture he chose to speak about "sweetness and light," and made these two qualities the aim of all culture. The full and harmonious development of the powers of the human mind—which was Channing's ideal—was also that of Matthew Arnold, for Arnold wished to present the ideal of human perfection—the ideal of both culture and liberal religion. He said:

> The pursuit of perfection is the pursuit of sweetness and light. He who works for sweetness and light, works to make reason and the will of God prevail. He who works for machinery, he who works for hatred, works only for confusion. Culture looks beyond machinery, culture hates hatred; culture has one grand passion, the passion for sweetness and light.

This message was Arnold's mission in life, it would seem. And it was also Ruskin's, for if we say that Arnold preached sweetness and light, then Ruskin preached light and beauty. And why should Arnold in the latter part of the nineteenth century make this impassioned plea for the life of culture? Surely culture had been in existence for hundreds of years before Arnold spoke. And why should we at this time find fresh inspiration in an address delivered in 1867, seventy-seven years ago?

To answer this question, let us pause for a moment and consider the world of 1867. It was a world of industrial development and scientific advance. It was a world of growing mechanical skills, of inventions in industry having to do with the processing and refining of steel and other metals. It was a world of expanding communication, of accelerated technical progress of all sorts. Technical schools and schools of engineering were growing on all sides. Scientific knowledge was encroaching upon the more ancient classical knowledge. And the classical studies of Greek and Latin were looked down upon as mere useless knowledge when compared with the newer knowledge of scientific technology. At the time when Arnold wrote, therefore, there was a strong predilection for scientific knowledge, and a disposition to disregard the values of the Greek and Roman mind: the cult of beauty and natural philosophy in the Greek mind, and the contribution to law and order which had been made by Roman civilization. And Matthew Arnold set his mind firmly against a merely mechanical or scientific assessment of civilization. He despised utterly the measurement of greatness in purely mechanical terms—such as the supplies of coal of England. Listen to what he wrote on the failure of the supplies of coal:

> Everyone must have observed the strange language current during the late discussions as to the possible failure of our supplies of coal. Our coal, thousands of people were saying, is the real basis of our national greatness; if our coal runs short, there is an end to the greatness of England. But what is greatness?—culture makes us ask. Greatness is a spiritual condition worthy to excite love, interest and admiration; and the outward proof of possessing greatness is that we excite love, interest and admiration.

In this passage, therefore, Arnold has a higher, a more elevated conception of the greatness of England than the mere measurement of tons of coal, or tons of steel, or cold figures of exports and imports. Arnold went straight to the heart of the matter. Greatness is a spiritual condition, which brings forth the emotions of love, interest, and admiration. The truly great person, the truly cultured person, in Arnold's view, is not the man who circumscribes his life in mere material advancement, in the accumulation of money, or in the enormous interest given to sport in America. Greatness is an inner condition of the mind and heart; and the task of culture, as of religion, is to minister to this inward condition. The perfection of the inner mind and spirit is the message of Arnold, a perfection issuing in the harmonious development of all our faculties, and especially characterized by sweetness and light—that is the plea made by Matthew Arnold in his memorable address of 1867.

It is easy in this plea to discern the influence of Matthew Arnold's father, Thomas Arnold, the famous headmaster of the Public School at Rugby. It is to be remembered that Matthew Arnold's father made vast changes in the curriculum of the public schools, so that they were no longer schools of Latin and Greek antiquities, but also schools of modern knowledge.

Similarly, we cannot charge Matthew Arnold's plea for sweetness and light as being merely an aristocratic ideal, for it was with him a democratic ideal. He wrote:

> This is the social idea; and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality. The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time; who have labored to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanize it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the *best* knowledge and thought of the times, and a true source, therefore, of sweetness and light.

The humanization of the best knowledge, so as to

diffuse it through all the classes of society, and not merely in the clique of the cultivated and learned—this was the meaning of Arnold's plea for sweetness and light. And has this plea for sweetness and light lost its meaning for us today? Are we not in danger of letting mere material advancement and scientific knowledge become the measuring rod for the inner stature of our minds and souls? Is our civilization become money-mad, and are not the advancement of the strong and the destruction of the weak much more apparent than sweetness and light?

Yes, there is that danger. The dead routine imposed upon the working man—often a mechanical routine remaining the same day after day—is such as to destroy the finer sensibilities, is such as to tire the body and the mind, and leave just enough energy for cheap recreation—stupid movies and drink. Perhaps the chief indictment of our industrial order is that it fails to leave room for the fulfillment of spiritual needs. There are vast spiritual and cultural resources untapped in the minds of our people, but these are blocked in their development by conditioning factors in the environment, or by inner weaknesses. There is a vast amount of work to be done in the social field before the whole of society responds to sweetness and light.

Again, in the field of science, there are too many graduates and research workers who know the intricacies of their special field, but know little about the achievements of the human spirit in other fields—literature, the arts, philosophy, and in that knowledge of life itself which goes under the name of wisdom. But there is at least a redeeming feature in that the great scientist, no matter in what country, has been able to cast an atmosphere of sweetness over his work. The great scientist attempts to throw as much light as possible on his problem, but he does this with a spirit of cooperation, harmony, and sweetness which might very well be adopted by social reformers and religionists. For instance, carrying on research at the University of Chicago is Professor James Franck, a German refugee scientist who happens to be the world's greatest authority on photosynthesis—that mysterious process whereby green plants are able to change carbon dioxide and water into a very complex chemical compound, chlorophyll. The plants seem to do this very simply and naturally. But try to duplicate this process in a chemical laboratory—and it cannot be done as yet! Professor Franck and his associates have been working on this problem for over twenty years. It happens that another scientist had also done research on this particular process and had published theories which were not warranted by the facts. So, Professor Franck wrote a letter to his fellow-scientist, showing just where his theories were wrong. And in that letter Professor Franck shed light on the problems of his fellow scientist. But there was also sweetness, for he wrote this gracious word: "Please understand that when I criticize your work. I do so without personal feelings, for we are both searching for the truth, and it is the task of science to search impartially for the truth." That is to say, Doctor Franck had made his letter a letter of sweetness and light. And this was the sweetness of his own spirit, a sweetness proceeding from an inner quality of the soul. To know this great scientist was a pleasure indeed! One could not help but be moved by his kindness and courtesy. At one time, when his secretary came to his office, Professor Franck had a sore back and could not rise easily. So he said to his secretary: "Pardon me that I do not rise to meet you, but my back is sore, and I cannot rise very well." How many business men would treat their secretaries with the same kindness? I am sure his secretary, who had been treated very differently in previous positions, never forgot this simple remark of courtesy in which the whole spirit of the man was incarnated. And that is the character of James Franck, a German refugee professor, a Nobel prize winner, one of the world's great scientists, and a man of sweetness and light!

Again, we require sweetness and light in attempting to find a solution to our social problems. As I go about visiting my people, I now and then come upon friends who are extreme leftists, and they and I have a great time discussing leftist policies and how far they will take us. At times I meet Communists, and the thing which has amazed me about them is their bitter hatred of social democracy, by which they mean, of course, the labor and socialist movement. "Social democracy," they say, "was responsible for the rise of Fascism. Social democracy produced the fall of France. Social democracy produced the fall of Spain. Social democracy is the twin ally of Fascism." And this hatred for social democrats which you find among Communists is almost a neurotic delusion; it distorts their reason and their judgment. It is the scapegoat which is made to account for any blunders in the advance of the labor movement. If social democracy did not exist, Communists would have to invent it so as to find a scapegoat for the failure and blunders of the labor movement.

We might as well admit it—there is a great deal of harshness and bitterness in the Marxian philosophy. All too often the Marxists have become a little clique, a little sect of intellectuals fighting among themselves, and thereby losing the support which their outlook might deserve. Even if we grant that Marxism sheds light on social questions, there is no excuse for Marxists to think that they can dispense with sweetness, with the common rules of courtesy, kindness, and humanity. A few weeks ago, a friend of mine said: "I wonder if Marxism has been a help or a hindrance to humanity." I wondered what my friend had in mind, for he knew a good deal about Marxism himself. But it may very well be that his meaning was this: that Marxism, no matter the amount of light it may give, is a hindrance when it becomes a sectarian movement, dispensing with sweetness and lacking reverence for the sincerity of men who differ from this philosophy.

Again, we need not go to the fields of science and sociology to discover the need for sweetness and light. There are many burdened souls in this world, many suffering souls who are turning upon themselves, who remember past wrongs and injuries, and who become embittered because their lives have been broken. I knew such a woman years ago—a woman who had borne a secret resentment against a man who had wronged her thirty years before. This woman had a warped mind, almost a diseased mind, for there is nothing so soul-destroying as bitterness and resentment which piles up over the years. And this woman called one evening on an older woman of larger human sympathy, an older woman who had the spirit of sweetness and light. And this older woman was able for a few hours to extricate the younger woman from the hell which she had made for herself through her bitterness. Through the friendship of this older person, she was able to remove, for a time at least, the spirit of resent-

ment, and she was healed by the spirit of human sympathy and compassion, or, if you prefer, by the spirit of sweetness and light.

Sweetness and light—the aim of culture and of religion, as given to us by Matthew Arnold—are not merely the attributes of the refined, scholarly men who leave their mark upon the world. Sweetness and light can become the possession of the humblest person. Nay, we might say more—we shall say even this: the scholar in science or philosophy or sociology, whose knowledge is a mass of dry facts and who dispenses with sweetness and light, is inferior in true human greatness to the unlettered peasant or working man, who lacks all this intellectual baggage, but who shows in all his actions the spirit of sweetness and light.

This is, in the eyes of Matthew Arnold, the ideal of human perfection. It is, to quote him once more, "an inward spiritual activity, having for its characters increased sweetness, increased light, increased life, increased sympathy." We are a little afraid in our day of the word "perfection." But there is no doubt that Arnold has described the excellences of the human spirit: "increased sweetness, increased light, increased life, and increased sympathy."

I am sure that all of us have met people who in some way possess these qualities of mind and heart. And we shall remember all our lives the occasions, however fleeting they may be, when we met such people. We may not remember their opinions, or their knowledge of science, literature, or the arts. But we remember the total quality of their lives which they gave us in the spirit of sweetness and light. And we know that we were healed of our sufferings and of our bitterness by a simple gesture incarnating sweetness and light. For it seems to be a property of the human soul that a soul, distorted by pain, or resentment, will be healed by direct contact with a fully integrated soul. That is how the souls of men are saved, by the direct and healing contact with souls incarnating sweetness and light.

Matthew Arnold's address of 1867 has enduring significance for our day, and even for the future. It is the ideal of culture, of truly humanized knowledge. It is also the ideal of religion, of the inner perfection which is desired by religion. And it is also the way of salvation, for we are saved from our imperfections, from our weaknesses, and from our evil-doing, by direct contact with souls which reveal the inner peace and power which proceed from sweetness and light.

The Rifts Within Democracy

STANTON A. COBLENTZ

It is generally recognized that in coming years, when the problems of war will be replaced by the even more far-reaching problems of peace, the democratic processes will be subjected to strains never before encountered. But what is not as generally acknowledged is that within the core of democracy, as at present practiced, are certain basic inconsistencies that may result in impossible tensions, throwing the entire post-war world off its orbit, and obscuring indefinitely the hope of enduring peace. Consequently, since it is during periods of storm and trial that the underlying weaknesses of any system come to the surface, and since the best way to avoid the danger is to stare it in the face before it strikes, it may be well for us now to appraise the possible pitfalls of tomorrow.

There are three principal respects in which, it seems to me, present democratic methods are inconsistent with the needs of the future. In none of these respects is the discrepancy inevitable or ineradicable; yet in all it is so deeply rooted in habit and tradition that it cannot be conquered or even controlled without the utmost astuteness and vigilance.

In the first place, there is the gap between our political system and our economic necessities. In a world of increasing economic intricacy, and of economic interdependence, what is the means which we employ to solve those internal problems upon which the economic health of the world must ultimately depend? Upon whom rests the responsibility for deciding matters of trade and production, of unemployment, of social benefits, and of the distribution of wealth? On whom but on the politicians?—which is to say, on men who for the most part have made a business of getting elected, who have attempted no special study of economic questions, and who, far from being interested in the general welfare, in the main obey the demands of minor groups and districts without regard for major issues. It is true that this barren picture may be brightened a little by a "New Deal" with its "brain trusters," who, whatever their limitations, are worlds above the professional office seekers; but such a New Deal, with its conflict of aims, is neither likely to be built on sound economics (we need but recall how recently we were destroying supposed food surpluses!), nor has it any assurance of permanency; while, in the background, the wolf shadows of lobbyists and politicians are certain to be seen skulking. The result will probably be that, at the very moment when a sound international system is most necessary as the foundation of lasting peace, the internal economics of the democracies will be undermined by coteries of politicians, who, without a vision of the whole and without knowledge of economic fundamentals, will create such domestic problems that world economic cooperation will become needlessly difficult if not impossible.

The second great danger of our democratic system is interlinked with the first. One could hardly expect any vast international training or wisdom from politicians who fail completely to envisage even the strictly national economic problem. We are faced, in fact, with a situation farcical enough for a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta if it were not so cosmically tragical: that at a time when the welfare and future of the human race depends upon the possession of international perspective, we are in peril of being ruled by minds of a razor-thin political provincialism. Senators and Representatives, well versed in back-patting but unable to distinguish Patagonia from Bessarabia, will be asked solemnly to vote upon international matters as far beyond their ken as the dark companion of the star Sirius; and we will be faced with a repetition, though on a vaster scale, of the culminating tragedy of the first

World War, when a little knot of isolationist-minded Senators forbade American participation in the one organization that had any chance to preserve peace.

But do we have to confine ourselves to this episode, world-shaking as it has turned out to be, in order to demonstrate the appalling want of international common sense shown by the politicians of democratic nations? What of France during the years before the downfall? What of England under Baldwin and Chamberlain? What of the thinly veiled anti-Loyalist policy of our own government during the Spanish Civil War? What of the American so-called Neutrality Act, which was broken down by our President only with excruciating difficulty in the face of a threat of paramount gravity? What of our pre-war policy toward Japan, with the results so disastrously apparent in the smoke and ash of Pearl Harbor? What of the failure of Great Britain and the United States in the present conflict to make any precise and firmly enunciated statement of their post-war aims, or to reach any clear-cut and wide-reaching agreement with Russia as to post-war objectives? What of the absence of any officially stated or sanctioned plan for the new dawn that is supposedly to follow victory?

In many respects, no doubt, all these lacks are to be ascribed to want of vision rather than to want of knowledge; yet behind them all is to be seen the politician with his eyes encased in smoked glasses, the politician aware only of the immediate chance, the small end, the nearby goal, and as insensitive to the drift and swirl of world forces as though he were a gnat circling in a cubic yard of sunlight. If men of the limited outlook of our Lodges and our Borahs—and of our Wheelers and our Nyes—are to be entrusted with the making of the future, can we expect that the future will be erected any more wisely than the past has been, or that the imperative international necessities of tomorrow will be met or even realized? It is too much to suppose that the ant mentality is capable of legislating for eagles. Yet what our system does is, in effect, to give to ants the right of deciding the conditions under which birds may range the sky. And we need not be surprised if the verdict is to strip all winged things of their feathers.

The third inconsistency between present methods and coming needs cuts deeper than any mere political system or any particular group or class of men. It is to be found in the basic training and philosophy of all capitalistic countries — training and philosophy that unfits men for participation in the activities of a world organization. For what is it that our individualistic system, above all else, says to us? Go forth into the world, men; make your way by your wits; push, shove, grapple and triumph; gain wealth, gain power, gain position; gain all, *for yourselves!* Self-will, self-gratification, self-exaltation!—these are the triple motive forces, are they not, of our particular form of society? Do we not see their fruits all about us even in wartime, in the private rapacity that reaps profits from bloodshed, the cases of fraud in the execution of government contracts, the international cartels such as the one that even now has a stranglehold on Bolivian tin, the exorbitant profits of war contractors, the eagerness of labor for its slice in the cake, the zeal of Congress to protect special interests (as in its recent enthusiasm for the Ruml tax plan, and its antagonism, to any real price controls), and the evident regard for post-war economic interests that until lately dictated the limitation of steel and aluminum production in the face of a dire national necessity?

All very gross and ugly! we will say. Yes, indeed! but what else need we expect? What else, when every youth is instructed, by example if not by direct preachment, that the most desirable of all goals is acquisition? What else, when the masses are taught that self-seeking is wise if not noble, the way of nature, and the normal way of man? What else, when the egotism inherent within man is artificially emphasized by social precept, while his more generous impulses are stifled, ridiculed, or ignored? And if the result of this hedonistic training is a people narrowly utilitarian in its internal affairs and with only the rudiments of a social as opposed to an individual consciousness, what can we expect on the international front? Can we hope that the introverted minds, whose principle at home is snatch-and-slash without regard to the welfare of neighbors, will sustain a role of broad-minded idealism when they turn to the international stage?

The fact is that, behind the failure of the politicians—behind their narrowness, ignorance, and corruption—lies an even grimmer failure of the people, due to the basic economic tenets and philosophies of centuries. While those tenets and philosophies remain, all plans for permanent international organization and consequently all plans for an enduring peace will sail on stormy and inhospitable seas. It is true that we may be frightened for a time into a wider realization—shocked into action by the ghastly lessons of the present war; but as those lessons recede in time, and as horror is dimmed by distance, there will be increasing danger of a relapse into indifference and neglect. Then once more the self-seeking philosophy will predominate, and once more the dividend-clutching claws will fly out to sabotage the hope of a better world. Do we not see how even now, in the midst of a great war, many leaders and office-holders are "playing politics," are scuffling for position in order to see who will win the elections rather than who will win the war and the all-important peace to follow? And if politics and private interests can stalk forth unashamedly even in the hour of conflict, by what miraculous change can we expect them to hide their heads when the questions at stake are merely the organization of the nations and the preservation of peace?

But what, one may ask, is to be done about it all? Are we not combatting forces too vast and too elemental to overcome? Within the limits of a short article, obviously, it is impossible to offer or even to outline a solution; my object has been merely to present the problem. But there are one or two statements which it seems necessary to make, though they appear but the widest of generalizations. In the first place, the very diagnosis of the disease suggests the cure, to the extent that defects in training and outlook, both in the people and in their legislators, can be combatted by education—though only education of a fundamental and thoroughgoing kind, designed to re-make the point of view of whole peoples and particularly of the young, and to instill ideas of internationalism and service instead of nationalism and self-service. And, in the second place, some revision is imperative in the methods by which democratic countries choose their representatives (which will include representatives to the international councils, once a new League or federation of nations is

established). Few will deny that present practices—resulting, in our own country, in the election of one of the most unenlightened Congresses in history, precisely at the time when enlightenment is most necessary—are in many respects sadly wanting. But who, the reader will ask, will suggest a desirable substitute?

Yet a substitute was suggested years ago, in a book entitled *Politics,* by Frank Exline. It was Mr. Exline's contention, as I recall it, that the present system, being founded upon *election,* is subject to the fickle will or option of men, and that therefore the political superstructure is based upon ignorance, prejudice, self-interest, or passion. As opposed to this, the author advocated a system of *selection,* grounded upon merit; in other words, he proposed that men be elevated only on the basis of examinations and proved worth, as in the civil service, the army, the educational system, and so forth. The objection instantly arises, of course, that this would open the way for the elevation of uninspired plodders, of dry-as-dust bureaucrats, and of a new priesthood such as that represented, in a sense, by the "career men" of our State Department. But whatever the validity of these contentions, it is cryingly evident that there *is* a need for men of greater knowledge, experience, and understanding at the helm of world affairs, and particularly in positions of economic and international responsibility. And this leads me to suggest that some sort of a compromise between Mr. Exline's plan and the present system may be needful if we are to preserve our democracy intact and at the same time play our indispensable role in the unfolding drama of the future. We must, to begin with, reeducate the people from the ground up. But, at the same time, we must make it possible for the more capable, the more intelligent, the more public-spirited to rise to positions of authority. To say that the obstacles in the way of such an attainment are gigantic is not to imply that the attainment is any the less necessary. For in this direction, and this direction only, lies the prospect of a safe future, a sound national and international organization, and generations untroubled by war or the rumor of war.

Professor Beard's Strange Omissions

VICTOR S. YARROS

Volume IV of the Beard series on *The Rise of American Civilization* has been reviewed rather critically and unfavorably by certain progressive journals. It is, indeed, somewhat disappointing. Perhaps another volume is in contemplation, and in that the summary and conclusions regarding the essence, nature, and probable future of our civilization may be more positive, more constructive, and more profound. In the present volume the picture is left distinctly vague and colorless.

My purpose is to point out that the volume in question perplexes the liberal or progressive student by its curious and serious omissions. The quotations from Professor Dewey's books leave us without a hint concerning that influential American thinker's significant adoption of the radical solution of the world's principal economic and political problem, namely, the socialization of the means of production and the elimination of the profit incentive from major industries. Professor Dewey is no dogmatic or doctrinaire Socialist, and the Marxian gospel he rejects totally. But his vigorous condemnation of *laissez-faire* economics and what the Tories call "free private enterprise" is surely a development of the utmost importance in American social and political thought—that is, in American civilization.

Again, the Beards in their discussion of planning, do not even refer to Professor Dewey's contribution to the vital and difficult issue of liberty versus security. So many advocates of a "mixed" economic system have turned against Socialism because of its alleged totalitarian character and the grave danger of sacrificing freedom and culture to mere economic reform, that Professor Dewey's reaction to the fears and doubts of these writers cannot fail to interest and impress a host of liberals anxious to preserve liberty while doing away with mass unemployment and extreme poverty. Professor Dewey is not one of those who assert, without proof, that a democratic form of Collectivism is simply impossible. He reminds the timid and doctrinaire liberals that liberty can be planned quite as well as economic security, and that we now have effective modern techniques for safeguarding civil rights and individual or group freedom.

In connection with this general problem, it is surprising that in the chapter on Convergence, a sort of synthetic review of trends and emerging ideas, the Beards fail to mention the authors who have devoted special attention to the alleged conflict between economic security and cultural or spiritual freedom or progress: Max Lerner, Alfred Bingham, Carl Dreher, Petegorsky, and others. What may be aptly described as the "Americanization" of Socialism, which was begun by Edmond Kelly several decades ago in a remarkable work, *Twentieth Century Socialism,* and has continued steadily in later books and in several periodicals, is almost totally neglected. Here we have "convergence" without the most significant developments in that movement.

Again, in tracing the growth of American social thought, the Beards fail to discuss the Brook Farm experiment and the eminent Americans who were influenced by Fourier in seeking to return to the soil and earn a living by manual labor while cultivating letters, philosophy, theology, the fine arts. They also forget to mention the Boston school of the so-called philosophical and pacifist Anarchists, whose acknowledged inspirers and masters were Proudhon, the French "mutualist" and opponent of Communism, and Thoreau, the New England advocate of civil disobedience and extreme individualism.

Finally, as Margaret Marshall has pointed out in her candid and trenchant comments on the Beard book, the authors attach too much importance to futile polemics and verbal distinctions and too little to the policies, institutions and deeds which embody and represent national or local concepts of civilization.

If another edition of the book in question is demanded by the intelligent public, the Beards should revise and expand it, and do justice to the newer, realistic liberalism and radicalism now developing in the United States. The material is available, and its significance cannot escape any thoughtful student or his-

torian.

By the way, it is not improper or impertinent to call the attention of President Conant of Harvard to this same native brand of liberalism and radicalism. He seems unaware of it. In a recent *Atlantic* paper he expressed the opinion that we need a militant American radicalism, a radicalism that is not Marxian or alien to the American spirit, that is rooted in our soil and tradition, that continues the work of our own philosophers and ethical leaders, and proposes solutions for our contemporary problems that are calculated to appeal to American minds and hearts. Well, we have such radicalism already, and we have had it for some decades. The school which favors democratic Collectivism and which has produced a number of clear, enlightened, impressive books, may be commended to President Conant. Perhaps he will invite the authors of these books to lecture at Harvard. Why not?

The Study Table

How Not to Exorcise the Devil

SEE WHAT I MEAN? *By Lewis Browne. New York: Random House. 245 pp. $2.50.*

Luther once said "the best way to drive out the Devil, if he will not yield to texts of Scripture, is to jeer and flout him, for he cannot bear scorn." Now, no one realized better than did the great Reformer that this dictum is at the best a half-truth, and Luther's own methods in fighting the evil forces of his day prove that, while he frequently resorted to satire and mockery, to caricature and persiflage, he did not confine his strategy against his Satanic majesty to tomfoolery nor expect victory over the forces of hell by inviting a hearty laugh.

There is today a school of writers that seems to think we can satirize falsehood out of existence, wisecrack evil into impotence, and fight a successful battle against sinister forces and anti-social influences by just tickling the diaphragm and rousing the risibilities of a large group of readers. This is a dangerous assumption. That satire and mockery may be effective weapons goes without saying; that in any major engagement they are at the best a type of light artillery also goes without saying, and we may as well make up our minds that whatever strategy we devise to oppose and meet effectively the various subversive movements in our country, we shall need more, much more, than a slap-happy story taking off a few miniature Hitlers and poking fun at an allegedly helpless and hapless lunatic fringe. Lewis Browne's novel, *See What I Mean?,* is a case in instance.

There is material galore for the writing of a novel of quality and power about American subversive movements, a novel that not only entertains and amuses but also convicts and convinces. I am sure that Mr. Browne with his flair for the trenchant phrase and the apt word, with his fine equipment of imagination, analysis, and interpretative ability might have written such a novel, one that gives a true picture of how subversive movements are started, how they publicize and motivate their program, how their leaders are made, and how they win their financial support and mass backing. That he did not do this in *"See What I Mean?"* is obvious.

If this novel, telling the story of a Crusade against the Jews, of an attempted revolution against the New Deal and Roosevelt, and of a plot to organize in America a type of Fascism patterned after German and Italian models, is "based on facts," as a jacket blurb says, the facts are obscured by satire, the implications are fumbled by caricature, and the whole picture suffers from cheap melodrama and ineffective theatricality. And this goes also for the characterizations, whether it be that of the "Fuehrer" of the Crusade, the megalomaniac and paranoiac John Christian Power, who stalks through these pages as "The Power," or that of the chief protagonists of the plot, the ex-evangelist, quack, and racketeer, Doc Gribble, and the black-listed movie press agent, Clem Smullet, or any of the other minor personalities that make up the *dramatis personae.*

"See What I Mean?" simply does not do what as a good novel and a well-developed story it might have done; it does not give the reader a truthful and reliable picture of a subversive movement in American life, it does not adequately and honestly characterize the leading personalities, and it fails completely to convince the reader that a real danger exists, a danger that must be met with energetic and resourceful measures adopted by an aroused and alarmed public opinion and by a thoroughly awakened national conscience. It would be pleasant indeed, and also comforting and reassuring, to have a book like this one prove to us that the leaders of subversive movements in America, our little Hitlers and fake Duces, are nothing more than neurotics, megalomaniacs, venal racketeers, disillusioned and disgruntled ne'er-do-wells of one sort or another. Surely there are among our leaders of un-American activities and traitorous agitation plenty of individuals such as Mr. Browne pictures in these pages, poor saps like Power, Gribble, Smullet, Cleaver, Flanahan, *et al.,* and they may well be held up to scorn and ridicule. But certainly Mr. Browne knows very well that the danger to our national well-being and security lies less in such crackpot personalities than in that much more sinister and threatening leadership of whose power and influence over the masses we know enough to make a convincing indictment. The real danger of movements such as the Crusade here described is hardly touched upon in these chapters, and many a reader will lay the book aside with the feeling that the hundreds of organizations furthering anti-Semitic and kindred agitation in our land can easily be laughed to scorn and wisecracked out of existence.

There is, of course, much entertainment and amusement in these pages; the realistic and vulgar exchanges between the two leading figures of the story, Doc Gribble and Clem Smullet, are very clever, but the reader tires of following them through chapter after chapter. The final denouement in the revelation that "The Power" himself has a Jewish father, seems to me decidedly anti-climactic. So what? Just what would the world gain if it were proved that both Hitler and Mussolini had a Jewish parent?

The day of Pearl Harbor arrives as the nemesis for this ill-fated lot. "The Power" ends in a strait jacket, having gone raving mad, and the F.B.I. takes Gribble and Smullet in tow. It is from behind prison bars that the latter tells the story in the first person. Even the one sane figure in the book, that of the Reverend Loring

C. Keniston, a Unitarian, anti-Fascist clergyman, who aids in exposing and apprehending the shabby mob behind the Crusade, remains a shadowy and indistinct personality.

No, Mr. Browne, the roots of our un-American and anti-social organizations, even now working undercover, go much deeper than your book reveals. We are not in the happy position of being able to laugh off the virus of anti-Semitism, Fascism, and Nazism; we are not going to eradicate the poison of racial and religious bigotry and fanaticism by five-minute exercises of our diaphragm; we are not going to purify our body politic and revive our national health by tickling our risibilities, nor shall we effectively meet the dangers of spiritual sabotage and moral disintegration by forming entertaining limericks.

KARL M. CHWOROWSKY

Religious Realism

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. *Edited by Armin L. Robinson, with preface by Herman Rauschning. New York: Simon and Schuster. 488 pp. $3.00.*

The editor of this series of stories intends them for those who have not yet realized that Nazism violates the cementing moralities of our culture in practice and also in principle, that is, intentionally. He intends them for those who need to be shaken out of their insulation by some awakening tales. They will be. Most Americans have not been given that last-ditch moral choice in which there are only two alternatives: sacrifice of life or sacrifice of principle. It comes with Nazi occupation of the mind or of the country. The Nazis know how corruptible human nature is when pushed to that limit. But in that last-ditch dilemma human beings attain their most heroic stature or they become most detestable. After facing this barrage of stories showing human beings at their best and worst, the reader will have had ground into his awareness the fact that life is either decent, honorable, and brotherly or it is frightful. And there are few who begin the easy road to degradation who know to what depths it can lead.

Herman Rauschning introduces the book with a conversation between Hitler and others in which they deride the "Christian slave morals." At least Hitler got one thing straight, something many Christians have failed to see, and that is the profound connection between Judaism and Christianity.

There follow ten stories which illustrate, in order, the ten commandments that each child learns and forgets. Through these stories the commandments of this ancient moral covenant take their place of importance in the mind of the reader as perhaps they have never before. It is like discovering the beams of a building that one knew were there but which are suddenly seen with the clearness of a new discovery when one realizes their importance.

Thomas Mann tells the story of Moses. Even the most skeptical reader will not lay it down. It is an exciting account of the men and events preceding and during the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt and an especially clear picture of the struggling career of Moses, the leader and servant, who had "made the acquaintance of a god whom one could not see but who saw you," and who brought down from God's Sinai such a concise summary of the findings of their moral experience as a people that it could be said on the ten fingers. One does feel that Mann belittles the imaginative faculty of the reader at times when he explains so completely some of the empty places in the story that have come to be regarded as miraculous because of the mystery surrounding them.

Rebecca West brings some theatrical folks of Norway into touch again with their moral heritage. Their faith is expressed in their sense of vocation toward life which is as a covenant and is found by keeping it "with someone who is hidden from us because he is at the end of time." This is a tale of heroism which can be read with profit by anyone who is muddled and who needs to find out that a faith is that which is worth living for.

Franz Werfel finds an Austrian Roman Catholic priest who is introduced to the underlying connection between Christianity and Judaism by a scholarly rabbi. The understanding and affection between them pulls the priest with the rabbi and his flock into their tragic exile. He saw the rabbi "restore the profaned cross" at a time of Nazi torture and "since then I have been roaming from land to land with the children of Israel."

"But even the smallest place, if we find a vision there, will be Sabbath enough," is the interpretation of the fourth commandment around which John Erskine builds a study in character involving two German youths whose friendship began before the last war and lasts into the coming of Nazi intrigue. The story is a classic and to tell it would spoil it.

And so they come—stories with German, French, Austrian, Danish, American heroes and with German, French, Austrian, Danish, American scoundrels. They are of uneven quality, perhaps, but not one story could be called poor. It is interesting that anti-Nazism reaches the plane of the inhuman and priggish only in the tale of the Norwegians written by Sigrid Undset. Hers is a bitter story.

Yes, here is religious realism in human situations of our day. As Heinrich replies to Karl in John Erskine's story, "Don't be crazy! There is no new world, no new gravitation, there is no new light, there is no new darkness."

J. DONALD JOHNSTON

Concise and Straightforward

THE ART OF PREACHING. *By Arthur Allen. New York: Philosophical Library. 93 pp. $1.75.*

This manual, which first appeared in Great Britain, is to be commended for its concise and straightforward presentation of important elements to be remembered in preaching. Lacking detail, the book will serve the trained preacher better than the inquiring student. Its principal value lies in the fact that it may act as a check-list with which the pulpit spokesman may compare his own preaching to see wherein he may be falling short.

The average liberal may thoroughly disagree with the theology expressed but this does not detract from the merit of the preaching techniques offered. The volume closes on a commendable plea to all creed-bearing churches for a revamping of their statements of faith: the criterion for any change should not be, "Is it orthodox?" but "Is it true?"

JOHN NICHOLLS BOOTH.